

ELLWOOD FISHER & EDWIN DE LEON.
TERMS.
DAILY, \$10.00
SEMI-WEEKLY, (Tri-weekly during session) 5 00
WEEKLY, 2 00
Subscriptions payable in advance. Any per-
son procuring five subscribers shall receive one copy
gratis. All letters to the Editors to be post-paid.

PRINTED BY G. A. SAGE.

Office, Pennsylvania Avenue, between Third and
Fourth and-a-half streets.

A New and Beautiful Poem by Jas. Mack.

The following is a poem of singular beauty. The
lyric flow of the rhythm answers Milton's description
of music. "The Little Friend" who ever she may
be, is evoked her privilege of being a minister-
angel to one who has been a minister-angel to
many of our kind, and she will not lose her reward
for, as Miss Landon remarks, "A poet's love is
immortality," and a poem like this is of itself
sufficient to insure it to the subject that inspired
it.—Western paper.

WHY DO I LOVE HER SO?

A weary life is mine, at best—
Without a witness, mine, and others share—
And oh, by lonely thoughts oppress,
It seems that I might well despair;
But when my "Little Friend" I see,
A pleasant thing it is to me.
To know that she is at my side,
To hold her little hand in mine,
To watch her eyes that fondly shine,
Her cherub face, that brightens up
With love's intelligence divine—
With joy my soul is satisfied,
And draws a pure, refreshing cup
Of calm and quiet happiness:
In sweet content I then repose
From sorrow's pangs and passion's throes.
Without a witness, mine, and others share—
From one who very love can bless!
Some wonder what I find in her
My heart so strangely to impress—
A clever child, they must confess,
But nothing more, they say, is there.
Then other children of her age,
Who scarce one thought of mine engage.
Whence cometh, then, the witchery
That draws me in her sweet control?
They know her love is true and true,
Save I, may ever know her worth!
For we have spoken soul to soul,
And met in spirit face to face,
When all her mind's immortal grace,
Love, truth and beauty, were revealed
In beauty from the world concealed.
'Twas in an hour of bitter pain,
When the long agony of years
Was crowded in a moment's space—
When friends seemed false, and love as vain—
And the wrong heart and burning brain
Could only find relief in tears—
For I despaired of earthly good—
She came—she came, whence or how—
Her light and love, her love and how—
Sublimely beautiful she stood!
For all of earth had left her face,
And all of heaven I then might trace.
Her look sustained my heart, and cheered,
And words my soul's long agony relieved.
The child, the mother, disappeared,
And God's own angel stood revealed!
Then did we soul to soul combine—
So, I am here, and she is mine—
Forever here, forever mine—
Forth in the world I see her go,
A common child to common eyes—
To mine a star of Paradise,
Unearthly, beautiful, divine!
No wonder that I love her so.
JAS. MACK.

My Mother.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

My mother, in a long and weary time,
Since last I looked upon her, sweet face,
I listened to the voice of the spirit,
Of thy dear voice of music, I was then
A child a bright-haired child. The fearful thought
That thou wast passing from the earth away,
Was my young life's sorrow. Through the long
And solemn watches of that awful night
Kind friends who dwelt around me, gathered round
Thy dying couch, I shrank to my room,
To save thee, mother, but with streaming tears
And in the tone of my sympathy
They told me thou wouldst die.
Oh! then I bowed
My head to God, whose worship thy dear lips
Had taught me, and to Him, with burning heart,
I prayed that he would spare thee. And, as there
I knelt, a holy calm fell upon my soul,
Came stealing o'er my spirit, and a voice,
As 'twere a melody from some star,
Floated into my soul. It said that thou
Must leave me, that thy home was in the sky.
But thou still wert here, and guard thy child,
And hover round him on thy angel's wings
In all his wanderings here.

My mother, then

I rose in more than childhood's strength and
watched
The fading of thy life. Dear friends still hung
round thy pillow, but I could not
Wide lamentations and deep sighs were breathed
From hearts of anguish; but I heard them not.
A man of God poured forth his soul in prayer
For thy soul's welfare, but I heard him not.
Thy half-closed eyes, thy parted lips,
Thy blue-veined lips, thy bright dishevelled
locks,
Thy pallid brow dimpled with the dew of death,
And the faint light of thy breast, that oft
In happy hours had glowed with young life,
To sweet and gentle slumber, and I heard
But the faint struggle of thy failing breath.
Thy smiling eyes, and the high, holy words
That seemed to fall like dew drops on my soul
From out the blessed skies. All suddenly
Thy blue eyes opened, and a moment looked
Upon thy child with one fixed, burning gaze,
In which the deep and hoarded love of years
Was all concentrated in a convulsive thrill.
Shot through the fibres of thy wasted frame,
And death was there—yes, thou wast mine and
death's.

And then my tears again rushed wildly forth,
And then from Heaven broke through them with a
soft

Prismatic glow, as I gazed,

And saw thee mounting, like a new-made star,
Far up thy pathway in the heavens.

Long years.

Long years, my dear lost mother, have gone by
And thou wilt never see me more.
Have passed away, and now my childhood's prime
Is fading like a vision, for my years
Far, far outnumber thine upon the earth.
This dark, cold exile of the gentle heart
From the bright home to which it longs to fly,
And be at rest forever. I have seen
Much, much of joy and sorrow, I have felt
Life's storms and sunshine, but I never have known
Such raptures as my full heart shared with thee
In childhood's sunny hours. Now, time no more
Scatters fresh roses round my feet, his hand
Lays fall upon my path but pale, torn flowers,
Dead blossoms, that the gentle dew of years,
The morning sunlight and noontide rain
Can revive again, for they are dust—
Ay, dust and ashes.

Even time image now,

The image of thy life, my mother, seems to fade
From memory's vision. 'Tis as some pale tint
Upon the twilight wave, a broken glimpse
Of something beautiful and dearly loved
In some yonder dim and distant land,
That like a vision, fades and fades away.
Lies on my clouded brain. But, oh, thy voice,
In tones can never perish in my soul:
It visits me among the strife of men
In the dark city of the world, it comes
Amid the silence of the midnight hour,
Upon my listening spirit like a strain
Of fairy music o'er the sea. And oft,
Deep as the awful stillness of a dream,
I stray all lonely through the leafless woods,
And gaze upon the moon, that seems to mourn
Her lonely lot in Heaven, or on the trees,
That look like frowning Titans in the dim
And doubtful light of the twilight hours.
Swells on my ear like the low, mournful tone
Imprisoned in the sea shell, or the sound,
The melancholy sound of dying gales
Panting on the far off tree tops.

Yes,

My dear mother, though mountains, hills and
streams

VOL. II.]

Divide me from thy grave, where I so oft
In childhood laid my bosom on the turf
That covered thee, though the drear winter-storms
Long, long have cast o'er these their spotless
And night is fall, and though these images sweet,
The one dear picture cherished through my life,
Grows dim and dimmer in my brain, thy voice,
Is ever in my ear and my heart
About me love and gentleness and truth,
And warm me from the perils that surround
The paths of pilgrims o'er the desert earth.

NEW PROCESS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR.

The following, from a large number of the Mark
Lane Express may have interest for some of our
Louisiana friends. Let us, by the way, inquire
why this that we meet with so little encourage-
ment in that quarter? Is it that we have demon-
strated that now they give five bales of cotton in
exchange for one, whereas they ought to give two
and three, if they were forced the loan to come to the
cotton, instead of sending their cotton to the loan
at Manchester.—Plover, Loom, and Shuttle.

SCAGAR.—Several samples of sugar of a very

superior quality, as respects granular texture and
brightness of color, have recently arrived and con-
siderable attention is being given to the process
of manufacture among the merchants and pro-
prietors of West India estates. It appears from
several patents—among others, the cleaning and
drying of sugar by centrifugal force—sugar which
formerly took three or four weeks to refine is now
done in as many minutes. Sugars heretofore un-
saleable in the English market, are now refined
process, converted, and by magic, into an article
realizing 30s. (84 p. cent). The machine by which
the process is carried on is very cheap,
portable, and easily worked, and the raw produce
enters in a sugar, the process, the process, the process,
some twelve to fifteen per cent. in the shape of
leakage from molasses. Next to the discovery
of the vacuum pan, the improvement of Messrs.
Fingal and Son, of Bristol, ranks first in the scale
of importance, and has been largely succeeded in
combining the interests of various patents held by
Messrs. Seyrig, Hardman, Rotch, and others.

Late from Texas.

We copy from the New Orleans Picayune the

following items of news from Texas to the 4th

inst.:

By this arrival we have the unpleasant intelli-

gence of the loss of the steamer Maria Bart,

which has for some time been missing. This ves-

sel left Galveston on the 24th ult., that night a

heavy gale commenced blowing, and the next day,

about 10 A. M., the steamer put back for Sabine

Pass. The leak continued, and the lands man-

nied, and refused to work at the pumps, but were

finally induced to work a little by the offer of ten

dollars per hour by Capt. Emerson. She reached

Sabine Pass at 5 P. M. on the 25th, where she

lay till Friday, the 27th, when the captain, de-

claring that the gale had subsided, started again for

New Orleans at 2 P. M. The gale increased, and

he again put back about 12 o'clock on Saturday

night, and made the Pass, striking on the bar in

about four feet, where he had to stop. Several

of the hands had previously deserted the vessel.

It is the opinion of Dr. C. that the Maria Bart is

irretrievably lost, with all the cattle on board—

about 100 head of grown and 138 calves. The

captain is said, belonged to Charles Hays of

New Orleans. Many of them had died during the

storm. The Maria Bart, as we learn, was un-
der the command of Capt. Emerson, and Messrs.
Gardner, Harding & Co., of New Orleans, were
value about \$15,000.

There were also on board several barrels of

molasses, belonging to H. H. Williams.

The Galveston News relates that the mutinous

conduct of her hands, the greater being the prin-

cipal instigator of the mutiny, jeopardized the lives

of all on board.

On the 31st inst. the Maria Bart was still gradu-

ally sinking in the mud, the water being even with

her boiler deck. All her being except one, and

her machinery, together with her furniture and

everything of value, had been taken on shore.

The remaining boiler was nearly filled with water,

and it was doubtful whether it could be saved.

One hundred and twenty head of cattle and calves

had been saved and sold by order of a magistrate

value about \$15,000.

Capt. Emerson, of the Maria Bart, had arrived

at Galveston; and a portion of the passengers and

crew came up to this city on the Pampero.

The same gale which wrecked the Maria Bart

did great violence along the whole coast of

Texas. The Matagorda Tribune, of the 30th ult.,

says that Indianola, Salina, and Port Cavallo suf-

fered considerably.

At the former place every wharf was carried

away, and a number of houses were either levelled

to the earth or blown from their foundation. At

Salina considerable damage was done. Port Caval-

lo, however, escaped with less injury.

The Tribune says that the loss and injury sus-

tained among the shipping on the bay has been

very great. The steamship Mexico was driven

ashore, opposite or near Powder Horn Bay, and

was lying on the flats at that vicinity. The depot

of freight steamers, Point Isabel, was wrecked, and

together with several other smaller craft. The

steamer William Penn was driven ashore from her

anchorage, near Salina, and will probably be a

total loss.

A letter received by Messrs. Dowell, Hill &

Co., of Galveston, from Captain Talbot, dated on

Tuesday, the 29th ult., states that the first hit

of the Mexico had been discharged before the heavy

blow came. The Mexico was then driven ashore

at 10 P. M., on Wednesday, the 29th ult., the

gale increased to great violence, and grew more

violent till half past 11, when the Portland broke

adrift and went ashore. The Mexico had then

gone ashore, and was being hoisted by a cable

and some few houses prostrated. At 12 o'clock

the gale subsided, and the water was calm. The

captain, however, says he never before saw so high

a tide at that hour. All of Capt. Talbot's boats

were at work getting out coal, and every exertion

was being made to get her off; but the captain

says that he has no doubt that she will be a

total loss. The assistance of the Louisiana. Captain Tal-

bot adds:

"A total wreck is ashore; it is a Wm. Penn is

captain, and all the wharves at Indianola are

gone, and some few houses prostrated. The J. S.

Smith, although sunk under water, was

driven three-quarters of a mile, and is pretty much

all to pieces.

The Lone Star speaks in very favorable terms

of the recent exercises of students of the Baylor

University, in both the male and female depart-

ments.

The large furniture shop and turning machine

belonging to Mr. Hubby, of the town of Waco,
McLennan County, was entirely destroyed by fire
on the 11th ult.

The cotton on board the steamer Elbow, from

Houston, took fire on Wednesday night, the 29

inst., in Galveston Bay, but the flames were ex-

tinguished with little damage. In an alarm,
however, a young man, a German, of Houston,
who had been sleeping upon the cotton, waked up,
leaped overboard, and was lost.

There were exported from Galveston during the

month of June, by Messrs. Hitchcock & Co., 290

beef cattle and 1236 calves.

The Washington Star has come out in support

of Capt. Lewis for Congress, and the opposition to

of Col. Howard appears to be concentrating upon

the Captain. The Civilian says that Gen. Mc-

Leod's prospects appear to be waning, and he is

said to have sustained considerable damage from

his collision with Col. Howard at Huntsville on

the 24th ult. Mr. Potter is also in the field for

Congress in the Western District. Capt. Lewis

has made a speech at Galveston.

The house of JOHN FALCONER & Co., was ob-

liged to suspend in consequence of California

adventures.

Meeting in Warren.

WARRENTON, GA., July 10th, 1851.

This day the citizens of the town and county,

met at the court-house at 8 o'clock, A. M. On

the motion, Thomas F. Person, esq., was called to

the chair, and Mr. Wm. H. Disler, reporter, was

appointed. The object of the meeting

was stated by the chairman, as follows: Where-

as our community has been thrown in confusion

by the presence among us of one Nathan Bird

Watson, who has been promulgating abolition

sentiments, publicly and privately among our

people, and in a state of insurrection, and who

has been detected in visiting suspicious negro

houses as we suppose, for the purpose of inciting

our slave and free negro population to insurrec-

tion and insubordination.

The meeting having been organized, Wm.

Gibson, esq., offered the following resolution,

which was unanimously adopted, to wit:

Resolved, That a committee of ten be appoint-

ed by the chairman for the purpose of making

arrangements to expel Nathan Bird Watson, an

arrogant Abolitionist, who has been in our village

for the last three or four weeks, by twelve

o'clock this day, by the G. R. Road cars, and that

it shall be the duty of said committee, to escort

him to his native land, and to prevent his re-

turning to this village.

The following gentlemen were named as that

committee: Wm. Gibson, Esq., J. M. Roberts,

J. B. Huff, Esq., E. H. Pottle, Esq., A. Brinkley,

John C. Jennings, George W. Dickson, A. B.

Rogers and Dr. R. W. Herbert. On motion,

the chairman was added to that committee. It

was on motion.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meet-

ing, with a minute and accurate description of

the said Watson, be forwarded to the publishers

of the Augusta papers, with the request that

they and all other papers in the slaveholding

States publish the same for a sufficient length of

time.

DESCRIPTION.—The said Nathan Bird Watson,

is a man of dark complexion, hazel eyes, black

hair, and wears a heavy beard, measures five

feet eleven and three quarters inches, has a quick

step, and walks with toes inclined inward and a

little stoop-shouldered, now wears a check coat

and white pants; says he is twenty-three years

of age, but will pass for twenty-five or thirty.

On motion the meeting was adjourned.

THOMAS F. PERSONS, Chairman.

WILLIAM H. PILCHER, Secretary.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta

presents the following lucid and forcible state-

ment of the effect of the compromise bill.

The States, in the formation of the Constitu-

tion, surrendered to the common government, the

right to declare or make war in their behalf;

and of course, being rightly understood, they

burthens in its prosecution, are equally entitled

to share in all benefits resulting from its ter-

mination. This is equally true of the treaty-mak-

ing power. Now, in the exercise of this power,

two powers, or either of them, the government has

heretofore acquired territory, and will, in all

probability, hereafter acquire more. In 1820 a

sectional contest arose between the North and

the South, about the right of slavery, then, the

question was, whether the line of territory, then

acquired, should be a line of adjustment, or

the line was agreed on—to wit, the line of 36.30

This line was practically and in good faith, ob-

served until a disposition was attempted to be

made of the vast and costly acquisitions from

Mexico. Upon this occasion, the former final

adjustment, or line, was set aside, and a new rule

of partition adopted. What was that? Not a

geographical line, or line of latitude, but a prin-

ciple, the principle of non-interference. Upon

this principle, the government, upon the acqui-

sition of territory, abandons its duty of establish-

ing governments for the territory, as in the case

of California, and surrenders it to the occupancy